THE UNDERGRADUATE.

"DE OMNIBUS REBUS, ET QUIBUSDAM ALIIS."

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The Presentiment.

"This body cannot, Doctor, thank God, it cannot hold me long" said an emaciated young man, apparently about twenty or twenty-one years of age, whose appearance too plainly told, that a mortal disease was revelling in his vitals, and would soon finish its work. "You do wrong," replied the Doctor, "to indulge such feelings, hope should never be given up but with life, and you will, in all probability, shorten your days by doing so. "It is useless" said he "to talk to me of hope, what are, what ought to be all human hopes to a man in my situation: the clouds which already obscure my mortal day will soon deepen into the endless night of death; and can the fondest hopes of wealth, fame, or power cheer the dreariness of the grave? What would even the full possession of them all avail me now, wealth could do no more than decorate my sepulchre, when I am dead, as I soon shall be; and then, my cold ashes will be all unconscious of the honors paid them, fame might speak my name and praises through this world, but can its voice be heard in the land of spirits? And power, talk not of power in the tomb, the mightiest arm is nerveless there—and there, the tongue whose voice controlled armies and nations, is dumb forever."

"But I have hopes, Doctor," (as he spoke this, his soul-kindled eyes were turned serenely upward) "and hopes which light up even the grave, with heaven's own quenchless day. I have a blessed consciousness in my soul of having as far as in me lay performed my duty, and sweet are the hopes which spring from it."—Here the doctor interrupted him by telling him that he talked too long, and would exhaust himself so much as to put it beyond human skill to restore him. "I shall never," said he, "leave this bed, till I am carried from it a corpse.—Let me relate to you a little incident of last night, my own morbid imagination may have had more to do with it, than I can make myself believe, but it impressed me so deeply that I cannot erase it from my mind. It was this. I lay unable to sleep, looking from my window at the mountains which limited my view towards the east, when a star of more than common brightness which was just rising attracted my attention. It walked majestically up the blue "pavement of the sky" "like a thing of life." I became all absorbed in the contemplation of it, when suddenly it disappeared. A feeling of horror thrilled to my very soul and as soon as I *could* weep, I wept in very bitterness of heart. A strange feeling came over my mind. It was a consciousness of coming doom. The star, however, soon afterwards emerged from the cloud that had obscured it, and held its glorious way with increased brightness right upwards towards the meridian. This turned my thoughts in another direction. I felt that my career was not to end in the grave—that I should burst from its iron night, and that my soul should hold on its destined course forever and forever, shining yet brighter and brighter as it approached nearer and more near the eternal source of all light! I know not why this little incident affected mo so deeply. I have endeavored to convince myself that it was all a chimera of my own imagination—but in vain. I will frankly acknowledge, however, that the impression it has made is so soothing to my feelings that I wish it not to be erased. There is something awful associated with the idea of death even in its mildest form, and often have I trembled at the thought of closing my eyes forever on this glorious creation and being laid in the damp earth to decay unseen and forgotten. Even now, I feel that I shall not be able to leave this world without casting "a longing, lingering look behind," for cold and unfriendly as it is, there is much in it to endear it to me. But the sublime expectation of what awaits my disembodied spirit in another world reconciles me to the agonies of death and the dreariness of the grave.

Oh! it is glorious to think what new sensations and stores of intellectual wealth that mock all estimation are treasured up for the soul in that untried world of which the grave is the vestibule and on which I shall soon enter! Aye, like the star which I beheld, the course of the soul shall be "onward and upward" towards the centre and source of light, and when that and all the other luminaries of heaven shall have set in unending night—she will hold on her way—brightening and rising forever, but never doomed to set! D.

A French traveller remarks that the inhabitants of the United States are the most cleanly people in the world, and adds, as a proof of the assertion, "their very capital is named *La Ville Blanchissante*," (i. e. the *Washing-town*.)

The Unhappy Disposition.

Let others speak of brilliant skies,
Where fleecy clouds impending rise,
Cliff piled on cliff, in fearless height,
Arrayed in purest silver light;
Let others praise the summer's breeze,
That gently waves the leaf-clad trees,
Or seek the hour of closing day,
To catch the sun's last fading ray;
Let others walk the vocal grove,
And listen to the notes of love,
Or, shielded from the noon day beam,
Recline around the limped stream;
Or idly stroll at morning hour
And pluck the blushing dewy flower.

I love to hear the raven cry,
To see the trembling sparrows fly;
I love the noon-day's fiercest heat,
Autumnal chills to me are sweet.
I love to crush amid the brake,
And trample on the hissing snake;
To look the tiger in the face,
And grapple with the cannine race.

On wintry morn, I like to view
The fancied columns brilliant hue,
And chilled, to drop the icy tear,
And draw the frozen atmosphere
When all are silent in despair,
How blithe the screaking hinges are.
The northern blast, the driving sleet,
My soul, with gladdening music, greet.
With calm delight, far in the west,
The blackened cloud, with dauntless crest,
I view, fast spreading o'er the sky,
While playful forked lightnings fly.
The thunder's voice delights my ear,
While trembling nature quakes with fear.

Let others join in social glee,
'Tis solitude that gladdens me,
For nightly walks, were others born?
When Cynthia fills her silver horn;
The spangled heavens for others shine,
They cannot cheer this heart of mine.
Night's gloomy, dreariest, darkest pall,
In dismal horror, veiling all,
O'er spreads my soul with pure delight,
For then before my wildered sight,
Wild goblins dance and ghosts appear,
Their muttering voice I seem to hear;
The elfin leaves his mountain glen,
Nor hovers o'er the marshy fen,
But faintly peeping round my bed,
Displays his pallid arms out-spread.

Let others heave the amorous sigh,
And sweetly love and pine and die;
Rank hatred builds its halcyon nest,
Within this misanthropic breast.
Friends! What are they? An idle name!
Vain as the night-fire's lurid flame!
Let others, swan-like, sing in death,
In ghastly silence flees my breath!

THRYSIS.

Who would Remember?

Why bid my eager gaze explore
New prospects with new anguish fraught?
Why bid my mad'ning sense descry
The form, in silence, I adore—
The magic smile! the beaming eye!
And only this to prove the fond illusion o'er!

MRS. ROBINSON.

Is there pleasure in the thought that pleasures are no longer ours? Is it good to think that we have been happy, more than happy, but are not so now? Does the heart sit lighter, and the warm blood circulate with quicker flow, and the pulse beat on more joyously at the recollection of buried kindred and friends,—friends, who carried our hearts to their own deep graves, but deign no converse with them there, nor mingle with us more in life, nor feel a sympathy in our joy and pain—our weal or wo? Do our unquiet musings assume a brighter shade by recurring to the perfidy of friends, or the broken oaths of souls? Do our feelings gladden, and our bitter thoughts grow pleasant at reviewing the painful passages which abound in the history of our life, whether written there by our follies or our misfortunes? Yet, these are the thoughts which form the *blessedness* of remembrance.

I am not a misanthrope, (entirely) nor a reprobate, I trust. I have yet a fellow-feeling with mankind, and have still some lingering love to holy virtue, wherever it is found. I have yet a heart to admire and love the beauties of this glorious creation. I can yet gaze with rapture upon nature in her loveliness, as well when she has thrown around her the fading garb of autumn, and seems sighing over her perished beauties, as when arrayed in the luxuriance of vernal freshness. I love the sweet fragrance of morning, and the soothing, silent eve; but far more than this, a glorious, heavenly night, when nature sleeps, and none but God and the stars awake. To me, there is music in the sighing winds, and the sweeping tempest,—in the murmuring brook and dashing waterfall. There is to me richest harmony in the gentlest gushings of the heaving sea, or the wildest break of its troubled waves; and the song of birds and hum of bees have melody for me; and the sweeter softer tones of beautiful, bewitching woman.

Yet what do all these form but items in the vast amount of human incidents? And pleasant as these may be while passing, what earthly pleasure can it afford to call them up from the mist of buried years, only to feel that they are gone?

The man of strong passions may lose some object of his affections, which, perhaps, had been to him as a part of his life; and to part with which, may be like tearing away a strong fibre of the heart, or the heart itself; and still it may not be an actual misfortune to him, only, as he makes it so himself; for the object may be in itself a worthless one, and all its value may be derived from its influence upon the feelings of the man. And although a worthless object, so strong may have been his attachment to it, that the memory of his disappointments may embitter all his days.

By suffering his mind to float back, and to linger forever upon the pleasing spell which

had so long been round him, by recounting the pleasures of the past, and remembering his anticipations of the future, connected with the fact, that a blight had come over them all, his joys are withered and his heart broken—when, by banishing the past, and forgetting that aught had occurred to mar his peace, he might smile upon another and again be happy. The spell was a pleasant one while uninterrupted, as the dreams of life are to all of *us* while floating through the mind;—for there is indeed a pleasure in the *present enjoyment* of them; but when past, far better be forgotten. But as we have before said, these form but items in the vast account,—the rest is filled up with bitterness and shade; and while the recollection of buried joys comes across the soul with painful distinctness and intensity, we find no relief by turning our thoughts to buried sorrows; for the wound they leave in the mind is even more deep and painful, and is generally aggravated by the fact, that our own follies had produced it. For it is generally true, that ourselves, instead of providence or fate, are the authors of our misfortunes. And who of us is there who loves to look at the picture of his own deformities, and the living image of his shame?

The world is full of crimes, and disquietudes, and burning wrongs; and the man who should escape them all, might justly think himself a favorite of Heaven; and who of us would wantonly endure a second time, all the unblessedness of excited wrath for sins or wrongs, and the bitter stings of wounded pride?

I sometimes incline a little to the "blues" myself, but never at such times have thoughts of the past, lightened the sullenness of my brow nor eased the unquiet of my thoughts; while if any thing has cheated me of a smile it has been a *something present.*

Away then, with the pleasures of remembrance, while enough remains of the present and future to fill the mind. I had rather realize *one hour* of actual enjoyment, than to revel upon the luxuries of forgotten ages.

O*****.

Liberia, twenty-five years hence.

The orient coast, that guards with fearless pride,
The vast, extended west, where freedom smiles
Upon the pure retreat and stainless home,—
Is greeted now by ocean's humid kiss,
With new, unwonted tenderness bestowed.
The eastern gale sighs gently o'er the wave,
As if to tarry on its graceful curve,
And whisper to the secret depths below—
The novel gladness coming in its trail.
For see! a stately bark, with wide spread sails,
Invites the sleeping breeze to waft her on;—
The enraptured winds obey the cheering call,
The canvass softly touch, and steal aloft
To spread the pennon—bright with freemen's stars.
She comes;—and on the proudly happy air
Clear strains of joyous paeans swell along,
The noble ship glides boldly to the shore,
And moors within the anxious, waiting port.
Her burdened decks a sable crew divest,
And to their western home present the wealth,
The products rich of Afric's treasured stores.
Anon, replenished by commercial change,
The vessel veers her prow, and seeks again
Her torrid resting place,—gayly leaping
On the diamond-sea, as 'twere, enlivened
By the ecstatic gratitude and joy,
That bursts, in raptured accents, from the lips
Of men—no longer slaves,—returning thanks
To that kind few, by whose benevolence,
They have unchained their own Liberia. ALA.

Sobriety.

"Your joy is wild delirium, ye revellers!
"'Tis not delight that soothes the heart."—ANON.

TRUE joy has its fountain in the heart. This is the only source whence a pure and constant flow of gladness can proceed. That feverish flame of pleasure that is lighted up in the bosom of ambition at the perusal of those pages on which are inscribed her glory and her greatness, can yield better satisfaction unless the means employed to insure success have the approval of the heart. Delight of this exalted character resembles the placid stream whose waters glide silently and smoothly along till they mingle with the ocean—it claims no ecstacy of feeling—its attainment requires the sacrifice of no rational amusement. No one will maintain that an indulgence in careless and unrestrained levity can produce any other effect than a depression of spirits. A night wasted in scenes where unbraided mirth presides must inevitably be succeeded by a day of languor and restless inactivity. Ye! who love the midnight revel—who are borne unconsciously along in the ever-rolling tide of passion and of pleasure—who esteem that man a senseless and inferior being, whose bliss is sought in attempts to guide his feelings in one calm, unbroken current; where are the delights which a remembrance of these scenes afford? where is your relish for the sober joys of life? where are the charms of sweet retirement? where is that contentment and quietude which once rendered the horizon of your existence cloudless and serene? Those who shun communion with their own hearts—who surrender themselves to be the blind votaries of pleasure can taste none of the higher and nobler joys in which man may participate. In the majestic oak that lifts its head towards heaven, in the lovely flower that smiles into existence with the spring, giving the earth its beauty and the air its balm; in the tempest whose attendants are desolation and anguish, proclaiming the presence of the Deity, in the gentle breeze that renovates the sinking spirit,

and breathes consolation into the tortured heart of innocence,—beings of this character can discover no grandeur and no loveliness. At this delightful season when peace is borne on every gale, and melody cheers every grove, tasteless in their estimation is the contemplation of rural scenery. They love, it may be, to wander over the verdant plain, but it is not to enjoy the scene—it is to devise some novel scheme of pleasure—not to expand the benevolent feelings of the soul till they encircle the whole human race, and prompt to the relief of sorrow though it be the consequence of guilt; but to feed that relentless tyrant of the heart, that foe to all social happiness, self-gratification. Far be it from my heart to advocate that sullen moroseness which forbids the countenance to kindle in delight; far from my heart be those feelings that require me to frown when nature smiles—to veil myself in sadness when all around me are joyous—to refuse to drop the tear of sympathy in the cup of bitterness consigned to the unfortunate. To relinquish these sources of felicity would be to abandon the brightest and loveliest visions that ever dance in unreal forms before the imagination. That character most truly merits commendation, in my view, whose attributes best qualify its possessor fairly to appreciate these enjoyments—and that character is exclusively the property of the sober and yet cheerful man. Pleasure may indeed guide her worshippers into every excess, but she can never serve the arm in seasons of calamity—she may bewilder the youthful heart, but age soon withers every charm. Her victim may strive to throw oblivion over his sorrows by surrendering himself entirely to her allurements, and though he may see the contemptuous smile of triumph on her lips, and though aware that her arm will soon fail him and hasten his destruction, he may still cling to it like the drowning man who endeavors to sustain himself upon the cheating element that must soon become his grave.—The foregoing reflections were awakened by an occurrence that a few evenings since fell under the observation of the author of this article. Beautiful and extensive was the scenery aronud me, and I wandered on lost in a sort of moody melancholy mingled with profound admiration–of the sublime and pleasing objects before me. Nature was before me in her richest attire. The heaven's seemed to be glad and the earth to reciprocate their joy. Not a cloud obscured the lofty arch that rose above me studded with the glories of Omnipotence—not a sound broke the silence that rested on all things and imparted to earth what might in a poetic mind be termed reverence and adoration of its mighty Maker. Alone amidst such grandeur and magnificence whose soul would not attempt (and how futile the attempt!) to comprehend the searchless mechanism of the Universal! whose soul would not struggle to loose itself from this clog of earth and to wing its way through the measureless regions of space till it might bow before the Great Eternal! Vain endeavor! and the tired wanderer from earth falls back into its original habitation and its original insignificance! As I passed near a cottage, absorbed in these meditations, a deep groan reached my ear—through the shattered windows a scene presented itself that will ever hold "the greenest spot on memory's waste." A youth stood leaning over the couch of an aged man apparently in the last moments of existence, and, as he wiped the cold drops from the old man's forehead, a tear of pity glistened in his eye—and the expression of that old man's countenance! how grateful! the kindness of the young man seemed to smoothe the pillow of death! What enhanced in my view the interests of the scene was the fact that a short time since I had seen this young man the follower of imaginary pleasure. He had resolved to be sober minded, and, as he afterward informed me, the remembrance of that one action was the source of higher and sweeter joy to him than the whole of his previous life.

R. T. V.

The St. Regis.

——A delicious stream
Ran softly by it on a bed of grass,
And to the border lean'd a sloping bank
Of moss, as delicate as Tempe ever
Spread for the sleep of Jo. WILLIS.

Glide onward—glide onward—and mingle thy spray
With wild waves that wander the ocean along.
And the mos-covered banks on your beautiful way,
Re-echo the voice of your murmuring song.

Not the music that flows from the soft-breathing lyre,
When a master his hand o'er the instrument flings,
Or the mellow-toned lute such feelings inspire,
As the voice of thy ever-sweet water-flow brings.

And the wild flowers that blossom in loneliness, where
The voice of thy waters and forest birds lay,
Are the lone sounds that steal ou the echoiug air,
Lend a breathing perfume to your wandering way.

The glance of the sun-beams that sleep on thy wave,
Or dance on the ripple when winds murmur by,
And the lily whose bosom thy bright waters lave
Steal back on the spirit with wild witchery.

Farewell to thee, river! farewell to thy wave,
And the music and murmur that's floating away,
As onward ye glide to some billowy grave.
The wild flower and lilly still sleep where ye stray.
LUTE OF THE LAKE.

MESSRS. EDITORS,—Experience is the oracle of wisdom. And no man, who has not en-

gaged in the lucrative employment of teaching a common school, can with any degree of correctness portray to himself the extreme advantage arising from that source. During the winter of 1830, '31, I was called from the halls of my Alma Mater to teach the young ideas how to shoot, in one of our mountain towns, and thinking as I do, that my experience may be of some advantage to your readers, I have deemed it my duty to deliver it through the organs of your interesting aad highly useful paper.

I arrived in the town of * * * *, on the evening previous to the celebration of thanksgiving, a day which in many places is spent in, especially among the female part of community, speaking in the highest terms of applause of belles, beaux, ghosts and hobgoblins, seeming to have forgotten, or not to have known, for what purpose our forefathers instituted; or for what purpose the present generation continue its celebration. After some what of a delightful journey over hills and dales, I arrived at the house of the trustee, delightfully situated at the foot of one of the highest ridges of the Green Mountains, where, the prospect was as commanding as the cave of Hercules, or the regions of Capt. Simme's: where nature stood forth in all her original loveliness, unsullied by the rude fingers of art, and undisturbed by the boisterous clamor of a populous neighborhood. I knocked at the hall door with an air highly becoming a pedagogue, and stood in breathless silence for a reply. Hark! rumbled two or three voices within, like Neptune delivering his oracles to father Eurus, and a death-like silence pervaded the whole habitation. The second and a much louder knock soon followed—and a dozen voices mingled with the yelps of a little cur, and the boisterous roar of a couple of blood-hounds, vociferated—*walk!*

Pardon me, my readers, for not attempting to describe the delightful emotions which agitated my bosom at this hearty welcome; for it is peculiar of human nature, to feel the impulses of pride where there is a consciousness that we shall be reverenced and respected, in polite and polished society. I rallied all the confidence requisite, for the support of my dignity, and opened the door with a kind of diffidence rather savoring of pride, than of any apprehension of being unwelcome because I had had the misfortune to be bred in one of the low land towns.—This was all well enough; but what follows? Cling to my skirts gentle reader, with unremitting resolution to follow me through this highly interesting story, and your labor shall not be unrewarded. The old gentleman rose with a dignity highly becoming a man discharging the official duties of trustee, and according to the forms of etiquette, gave me a vigorous shake by the hand, which wrenched my nerves like the discharge of a galvanic battery, introducing me with a high degree of reverence to his family—and on my part the feelings of reverence and respect were soon reciprocated.

The whole family seemed to be somewhat in agitation, for my arrival was rather unexpected. The parlor door however was soon thrown open, and vigorous exertions made to arrange it for the reception of the school-master, for whom there seemed to be the greatest anxiety. That he might see every article placed marked side up.

My company was soon requested in the parlor. and upon entering this gorgeous little palace, I could not, for a moment but imagine myself seated in the palace of a Grand Sachem, in the pomp and plentiude of his power, where every article of furniture bears the aspect of novelty. In one corner of the room, sat a large but beautiful Gothic bed-stead, (though one at first view might think it to be an antedeluvian,) which could not but attract the attention of one who had been but little accquainted with refined society. The front post seemed to obey the laws of gravitation for it was rather inclined to take a horizontal position, though its variations from the magnetic meridian, was not in exact proportion to the square root of the number of oscillations. In front of a New Amsterdam chimney sat a large armed chair, which had been handed down from father to son, for several generations, and considered as hereditary property, bearing on one of its posts in hieroglyphical characters the genealogy of the family. And owing to the unintelligibility of the language, undoubtedly much valuable information has been buried in oblivion, and the names of many worthies, which might have shone with twinkling splendor in our political constellation are shrouded in the dark night of antiquity. But this loss seemed in a measure restored, when the family recollected that the eldest son had been rapidly advanced in military promotion. Only six months previous, this promising young man had been duly elected fourth corporal of the grand artillery company in that town, and that too by an overwhelming majority. and his speech on the occasion is said to have savored a little of the miraculous.

At the first view, one would snppose him to be a man whose mind flowed in a military channel. His whole conversation indicated an unyielding resolution, to make military glory the grand end of his aspiring ambition—and he frequently became so elated in his deep laid plans, that he would swell himself, in imagination, among the immortal heroes of his country. He

frequently exercised himself in his military tictacs (as he termed them) to the great astonishment of the whole family and all present on the occasion. In the evening he girded on his sword to display himself for the edification of the School—master; advancing forward two or three steps, with all the pomp of a military chieftain, and brandishing his sword with great skill and vehemence for some length of time he thrust it to the hilt into a green pumpkin laying on the sideboard which the family had preserved for the approaching thanksgiving with as much expression, as though he had stabbed a nation to the heart, exclaiming, in rather a mandatory tone, "attention the whole universe" He exulted for a moment in his triumph, and then swore by the great armed chair, that he would one day go forth into the world and reap militaglory with that sickle with which he had just achieved so signal a victory.

NOMEN STAT IN UMBRIS.

N. B. My second number will contain a sketch of my examination together with thanksgiving supper.

Stanzas.

This life—What is it? 'Tis a show
Of things unreal: streams which smile
O'er rough rocks that lie hid below.
Bright shines their surface, but their flow
Fast sweeps us to eternity the while.

This life—What is it? 'Tis a leaf.
In spring it greens, and flutters still
In summer breezes: Oh, how brief
The space, ere emblems fit for grief;
Cold, cold winds waste it, or the bleak tempests kill.

Again, what is this life? The sound
Of music heard far off at night.
It wakes us and we look around:
It dies—we sink in sleep profound,
Till morn, the last morn, bursts upon the sight.

Still what is life? An infant's mind.
Its hopes still on the morrow stay;
Its joy is, that itself is blind;
Its sorrow, words or looks unkind,
And all its ills are centered in to-day.

And yet what is this life? The sky
When viewed at a distance, oh, how fair!
Its vision clouds, its varied dye
Approached, in shapes fantastic fly,
And its bright hues all fade in empty air.

This life? 'Tis but a span at last—
A fleeting moment—one short breath.
The measured *span* is quickly past—
The *moment* hurries by us fast—
The *breath* God gave—he takes it—it is death. B.

Revolution of Empires.

The history of the world abounds with useful instruction both to nations and individuals.—Nations may thence learn wisdom from the misfortunes of those empires that have followed each other in rapid succession, rearing their power upon the ruins of those that preceded them. Individuals turn over the pages of antiquity which disclose the living fountains of knowledge whose streams refresh and expand the mind of man. In contemplating the revolutions which have taken place in the world in which we live; we are filled with astonishment and a solemn silence overspreads the mind.—Scarcely have six thousand years elapsed, since this mighty earth, with it innumerable appendages was called into being, yet many wonderful revolutions have marked every period of its existence. The earth itself has undergone many astonishing changes. It is probable that its surface, which has so long been the theatre of many memorable events, has been so completely transformed from its original appearance, that could an inhabitant of the old world arise from the dead no part of it would be recognized.—Who can say but the highest mountains have been swept from their foundations. The site of many a splendid city is now immerged beneath the ruins, while numerous Islands have risen above the surface of the Ocean. The bowels of the earth have been poured forth from burning mountains, overwhelming splendid rites and fertile plains, with a liquid flood. But as interesting as the contemplation of those Physical changes may, be, they are not worthy to be compared with the mighty revolutions which have taken place in states and empires. We know nothing of the particular state of the Andeluvian world, save what is revealed in a few chapters of the sacred writ. As human nature was the same then as now, it is rational to suppose that many revolutions in the state of society must have taken place. But they must sink into insignificance when compared with the awful and tremendous scene of the deluge;—when the fountains of the great deep were broken up, the windows of heaven opened and the earth became one vast ocean whose angry billows rocked man to his eternal sleep. Since the flood many empires, states and kingdoms have arisen and disappeared like the dew before the morning sun.

Egypt once the seat of science and the admiration of the world, has long since become the "basest of kingdoms." The Assyrian and Macedonian, the Median, Persian, or Grecian Empires arose, flourished and shone with peculiar lustre upon a series of years, but they disappeared, leaving their transactions recorded on the historical page. An empire arises, that of the Romans, after having swallowed up most of those that preceeded it, itself being torn and convulsed with revolution succeeding revolution and dismembered make way for laying the foundation of almost all of those states

which now divide Europe, Asia and Africa. The Holy City, once the seat of true religion, memorable for the Crucifixion of the Lord of Glory—consecrated by his blood is now trodden under foot by infidels.

The military despotism of France once bid fair to extend her influence over the world. Bonaparte then threw upon Russia the most powerful force ever wielded by man, but Russia stood sustained by her arms while the stars in their course fought against the invader. But her late revolution has far surpassed all others, and entwined a wreath that can never be unwoven. The stars of American liberty, that ride brightest in the firmament of nations, proclaim the revolution she has witnessed. Freedom, from the land of Sobieski and Kosciusko, now shouts forth to accompany ours in inviting others to awake from the slumber of ages, and wave in triumphant splendor their flag over despotism and oppression. Last on the revolutions which our world has undergone, and as long as men continue of the same depraved dispositions, a similar state of things must be expected to characterize the world. It is, however, a pleasing anticipation warranted by the sure word of prophecy, that the day will come when universal peace and prosperity shall pervade the the earth. But though we believe that there will be a long and glorious period of this description,—one grand and mighty revolution yet awaits the world.—A revolution in comparison with which all past events vanish from our view as a "dim candle dies at noon." Then the sun shall be darkened, and the moon become as blood—the elements melt with fervent heat, and the earth wrapt in circling flames.—Then time and change shall end, and eternity with the stamp of immutability close the scene.

B.

The following is an instance of very extraordinary coincidence of two men of great genius, as the resemblance is probably accidental.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene
"The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear—
"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
"And waste its sweetness upon the desert air."
Gray.

"There is many a rich stone laid up in the bowels of the earthe—many a faire pearle in the bosome of the sea, that never was seen, nor never shall be."—*Bishop Hall's Contemplations.*

The Fate of Genius.

Melancholy, indeed, is the catalogue of those who, possessed of talents and acquirements far above the ordinary class of men, have been doomed to suffer the most mortifying neglect, and some even to perish in poverty and want; leaving it to another generation the task of doing that justice to their characters which was denied them during their lives. It is no pleasant task to follow a man of this description through the varying events of his life—to mark the high anticipations with which he commenced his career—to see him afterwards withering beneath the blasts of unfeeling critics, yet nobly persevering in the course he has begun, through all the obstacles that oppose him, in the faint but fondly cherished hope, that the gloom which has gathered around him will yet be dispersed; and at last, when even hope itself has forsaken him, to hear him breathe his last sigh "unpitied and alone." Yet such has been the fate of many a noble spirit. Some of the proudest efforts of human intellect, efforts which have resulted in astonishing and enlightening the world, have been made under the most appalling discouragements—and the brilliant creations of genius which have afterwards soothed despair itself and added new attractions te the festive circle, have not unfrequently had their origin in the watchfulness of midnight and the damps of the dungeon. It is painful to witness the struggles of a man who is compelled to stoop to servile employment to provide for the demands of nature, while feeling a proud consciousness within him that he was formed for a nobler destiny—that those to whom he is compelled to bow as his superiors, are, in every thing that constitutes the true character of an intelligent being, as far beneath him as a man is below an angel. Too often, we will acknowledge, genius seems to provoke its own fate. The man whose mighty mind loves to hold communion with far higher scenes than those of ordinary life, is but little fitted to encounter the artifices of an unfriendly world.

Burns, whose "harp of thousand strings" thrills by turns every feeling of the human heart, might, with an ordinary share of prudence, have secured peace and plenty for his declining years, but would he not then have sacrificed those high feelings, and quenched that glorious spirit which breathed inspiration into his song? We think he would. It is as vain to attempt to force such minds into an alliance with common prudence, as to "marry immortality to death." We regret that he became the votary of dissipation, for we are far from wishing to extenuate his faults and failings. No grade of genius can consecrate crime, or disguise its native deformity. But it is hard to think that while he was suffering the accumulated pangs of disease and poverty, others, whose characters had scarcely a redeeming trait, were revelling in all the enjoyments that wealth could procure. The gov-

ernment, it is true, conferred upon him the office of an excise-man.—Such a reward, for such a man! He had kindled the fire of patriotism in many a heart, and made many a bosom beat high with love of country, and this was his country's gratitude. It were enough to call a blush upon the cheek of death!

The name of Robert S. Coffin, the "Boston Bard," is too well known to need any eulogy from our boyish pen. We confess ourselves unqualified to fix the standard of his merit, we only know that our own feelings have been deeply touched by his originality and beauty. We envy not the man who can peruse, unmoved, the two concluding stanzas of his beautiful song entitled "*Freedom.*"

"He said—and lo! the stars of night
"Forth to her banner flew,
"And morn with pencil dipt in light
"Her blushes on it drew.

"Columbia's chieftain seized the prize—
"The glorious sheet unfurl'd—
"Flew with it to his native skies,
"And wav'd it o'er the world!"

Sinking under the pressure of misfortune and disease, he was thrown, in the latter part of his life, upon the charity of his country. He did not die in want, but it was enough that such a man was dependent on the world for the comforts of life, even in those painful hours when its last sands were fast running out. Thus far the subject is melancholy enough—but what remains is glorious. It is the fate of genius to enshrine the name of its possessor in a halo of light that shall shine to unborn ages—to rear and consecrate a monument to his memory, more durable than marble or brass. The monuments of art will moulder o'er the ashes they are raised to protect; but the sons of genius need no such perishable memorials of their name. They shall be perpetuated while the mountains stand or the ocean rolls. D.

Items of News.

ENGLAND.—The last accounts from England represent the late elections to have resulted in a very large majority of members returned in favor of a thorough reform—the downfall of the Lowthers, the Cholmondolys, the Newcastles, *cum multis aliis* of the same genus, which must eventuate in the speedy downfall of the boroughmonger system, and give promise of better days to that country.

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POLAND—The news from this country is discrepant and contradictory.—Frequently we have inteligence of the patriotic Poles gaining advantages over the Russians, and even driving the myrmidons of the haughty Autocrat from their strong holds with great slaughter;—then, again, of the Poles being defeated, and even besieged in their very capital. These accounts leave us in the dark as to the real situation of this ill-fated country. There is a great anxiety for inteligence that can be relied on. It would seem from all accounts that the Russians are making desperate efforts for a grand onset. We shall have to wait some time for the result.

It is said (but we know not with how much truth) that Gen. Dwernicki has completely beaten the Russians commanded by General Rudiger, near Loutsk. In this brilliant affair twelve pieces of cannon were taken and many prisoners, among them was Gen. Rudiger himself.

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We learn from Detroit, under date of May 20th, that for the three previous weeks upwards of 20,000 emigrants had arrived at that place by the steamboats from Buffalo; nearly all of them farmers, and about to settle in Michigan. Our correspondent says—"Detroit itself is rapidly improving, but by no means so rapidly as the country. We shall become a full member of the union in three years; not, however, in time to vote at the next presidential election."

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The following eulogium on Washington was delivered by Mr Emerson in an address to the Belfast Reform Meeting.

What eulogium, in fact, could exalt the character of a Washington? or what encomiums could add honor to his memory, who has the freedom of a hemisphere for his living epitaph, and one-half the solid world his monument? (Loud cheers.) There is no occasion on which the memory of that great man can be so appropriately introduced as at a meeting like the present: the greatest, the most practical reformer the universe ever produced was George Washington.

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FIRE.—An extract of a letter to the Editors of the National Gazette says:—

"*Sir—Fayetteville, (N. C.) is no more!*—This morning the sun rose upon us in its beauty and with gladdened hearts we flocked to the churches of our God. Now we are in *ruins!* But two stores of all that this place contained are standing. The rest are entirely consumed. Nothing but stacks of tottering chimneys remain to tell what we once were."

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TRADE WITH CANADA.—It is said that two letters have been received in Montreal, announcing the important intelligence that a bill passed both Houses of Parliament on the eve of the prorogation, amidst the confusion and disorder of the debate on the Reform question, opening the Canadas to the introduction of American produce.

MARRIED,

In Milton, Mr Rodney Durkee, of Watervliet, N. Y. to Miss Mary Ann Platt, daughter of Lemuel B. Platt, Esq.

DIED,

In this village, on the 10th inst. Mrs. Caroline N. Carter, aged 31 years.—Also, on the 11th, Miss. —— Huston in the 27th year of her age.